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VOLUME V .--- NUMBER 24.3

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1861.

WHOLE NUMBER, 232.

Choice Pactry.

[From the Louisville Journal.] GRANDPA NATHAN.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO GEN. LES

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

By the beech and hickory fire

Grandpa Nathan sat at night, With details of marching arm And the news of many a fight.

When he laid aside the paper, Though its contents he had told,

He was plied with many questions By the young and by the old.

(Grandpa Nathan made reply.)

But the Legions of the Union

Boon will crush it out, or die!

If I only had the vigor Of just twenty years ago,

How I'd fly to meet the foe!

Nannie Hardin, doorest danghter, There's a spirit now abroad,

That's akin to whatsoever Is at enmity with God.

It has wrought upon a portion Of the people of the land, Till they almost think they're bonest

In the treason they have plann'd,

It has struck the sea with rapine, It has tinged its shores with blood,

And it rolls and surges inland

Like a desciating flood. It has rent the nearest kindred— E'en the mother and the son;

But as God's a God of Justice, Its career will soon be run.

There's a camp in Wickliffe's meadow, Less than eighteen miles away-

John, at your age, I could make it

Fill your baggy up with backets, Fill each basket to the brim,

Eweep the pantry of its choicest, Till the shelves are lean and slim;

Take a jug or two of apple,

Oft beaumb the weary sentries As they guard the sleeping campe;

Drive the get of old Surpedon-

For the glory of his sires, He will make the camp at Wickliffe Ere they stir the morning fires.

Tell the soldier of Kentucky, And the soldier from abroad

Of his country and his God-Tell them one who on the Wabash

Fought with Daviess when he fell, And who bled at Meigs, where Dudley

Met the painted hosts of hell— One who fought with Hart at Raisin,

And with Johnson on the Thames, And with Jackson at New Orleans,

Where we won immortal names,

Such fair greeting as be may,

For this drear November day.

Tell them he has watched this quarrel From its outbreak until now;

And, with hand upon his heart-bent, And God's light upon his brow.

He invokes their truest manhood. The full prowess of their youth

In this battle of the Nation For the right and for the truth.

Tell them one whose years are sinking.
To the quiet of the grave,

Thus enjoins each valiant spirit That would scorn to be a stave:

.By the toil and blood your fathers In the enuse of Freedom spent;

By the memory of your mothers, And the noble aid they lent;-

By the blessings God has showered On this birth-right of the free,

Give to Heaven a reverent spirit, Bend to Heaven a willing knee,

And in silence, 'mid the papers Of the hymn and of the prayer,

To the God of Hests appealing. By the God of Rattles sweet-

Swear to rally round the standard

With its stars of world-wide glory, And its stripes that none may occurs

While an armed fee stire abroad:

Swear to fight the fight of Freedom.

Of the Union, and of God!"

Ah! he drives the young Surpedon.—
Drives the son of noble sires.—
And he 'll make the camp at Wickliffe's,

Ere they boild the morning free.

Do you know, child, I am prender Of the spirit of your boy,

Than of any other grandson That e'er brought his mother joy?

And so now, good Mannie Hardin, For the night you'd best retire;

As for me, my child, I'm wakeful, And I'll still sit by the fire.

Oh, my soul is in the battles

Of the Walnah and the Thames,

Where the prowers of Kentucky.
Won imperishable names?

I must mingle with the soldiers Who have some to meet our feet must talk to them of battles

By the ranks of freedom won, And of note of valor ventured,

And of doods of during doos. Ab, I'll take them to the ramparts

Where their fathers fought of old

For my spirit now surveys them, As a chart that is unroll's-

And I'll show them in the misser

Of the clouds and of the skins.

Where the bests of glory marshal, And the fing of glory flice.

Take a blanket, dear, from Effic.
And a comfort here and there,
And from my good bed and wardrobe

Strip whatever I can space; Heat the house from top to bette And let all the neighbors know

What they need, the men who shirt From the fury of the foe.

he up early in the mornings Ask of all what they will soud To the camp in Wicklife's meadow, Where each soldier is a friend.

Write at once to Hatty Shelby, And-for both of them are the

Send a line to Alice Dudley,

Twere a sin, whilst there is plenty,

(Let us never feel the taunt!) That the Legions of the Union, Braving danger, were in want.

And a word for Rath Adair; Then to-morrow write to Doro And some to Mollie Todd:

For their freedom and their God; And if only half the spirit

That their mother had is theirs, There'll be rapid work with needle And sharp rummaging up-stairs. Oh, it stirs the blood of seventy,

Wheresoever it survives, Just to touch the chain of memory Of the old Kentucky wives!

In a day or two-at farthest, You and I will take the carriage, With the rising of the sen,

And we'll spend a day or longer With the soldiers in their camps, Taking stores that best may shield them

From the chill November damps. Oh, I'll cheer them on to battle-And I'll stir each lofty soul, As I paint the fields of honor,

Where the drams of glory roll ! And I'll bid them never faker, While there's treason still abroad In this battle of the Nation For our Union and for God.

One who fought upon the Wabash, By Joe Daviess when he fell, And who bled at Meigs with Dudley, Where we met the hosts of hell-

One who fought with Hart at Raisin, And with Johnson on the Thames, And with Jackson at New Orleans, Where we won immortal names-

Will be listened to with patience, By the heroes now at hand, Who have rushed on to our rescue,

In this peril of the land. By the memory of our Fathers, By the Brave, and by the Just, This Rebellion shall be vanquish'd,

Select Tale.

Though each traitor bite the dost

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE. keenly bright, but with a different degree snow-storm. No matter-"Windy-gap of lucidity from that of a bright Summer's is right a-head, and the welcome lights

I had two rifles, a revolver, amunition, day. Broad, expanding plains—the city will blaze out of the casements soon, for a spear, and a wood hatchet, in the sleigh. receding behind us, as the horses, leaping the afternoon is wearing. onward to the music of the chiming bells, On we go—but I do not see them yet; you load the weapons with those cartridges for the broad, boundless country. and yet—but no—it's all right! onward to the music of the chiming bells, The fir forests are clasped in a shadowy, "Are you warm—quite snug, dear ghostly slumber. Far away on our right Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the a "Fuller" and a "Manton" with true the wolves congregate in hundreds. To much furtive coquetry from its encrade- back—the pack was increasing. I fired, and Lota loaded; and one after another fell, the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down to the river, which is locked up in the "Oh, so comfortable!"

iron manacles of the Winter King .-Ahead, and right before us-whither we are bound-over waste, and plain, and ward. clearing-lies a snugly sheltered village, the head quarters of the "lumberer" and the creeping, crepuscular inkiness of the te the sweet girl, whose life or death were the voyageur. Our destination is not sky. It was light, yet not day-light, but all in all to me, and said: This said destination is a broadly spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost num-berless out-houses, consisting of cattle-This only made the long level plain of "Kill me first," she whisper sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofing for Winter fodder, wood stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, with momentarily divided and wavering all palissaded by zig-zag fences, as so many out works to protect the comfort-able citadel. Within it, warm fires blaze and I was "honest as the skin between and sparkle from the huge and odorous your brows," as she she was, in fact,)-I said Lots, smiling: "take this rifle; give logs crackling on the broad, bounteous

raftered and picturesqued as an antique sweet old burthen. I loved her with all I thought my ears would have split at Gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing my heart and soul, but I never told it. I their dreadful yells, for they were now eyes. Bearded men and fair women are there—laughing maidens and strepping young hunters, who had just shaken the snow off their furs at the portals. Despite advantage I was supposed to extend over would paralyze them. It is scarcely posthe stern yet musical baritone of the singing wind, as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting noses into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of mirth and laughter rice above the boreal blasts; and our leap-

ing sleigh, gliding—flying along, rather—to the music of the soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus. "In the mean time," asks the reader, "who occupy this sleigh?" I hasten to

answer:

First, there was your humble servant,
the narrator. Dick Harding by name, but
a few months back from the banks of the Isis, with the "bar" in prospect. I add a few of my personal items. Rather good looking; a fair shot; can hit with wonderful vigor straight out from the shoulder: am five feet ten and—growing; can play the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the temper of an angel. I had been one of a party of adventurous sportamen, "going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with fishing-tackle, spear and "abooting frons," had done no inconsiderable ex-

ecution among the denizens of the Canadian

woods and sounding "rapids," and hunt-ed the bear in his own picturesque fast-

Enough for myself. Now for my com Enough for myself. Now for my companions. Nestling by my side, wrapped
up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville—a bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing
Canadian, as lovely a girl of seventeen as
glance of man ever rested compactly upon.
The Canadian mother and the French
father were expressed in her name. Her
playful, lambent eyes had exercised their
severy upon me are this; and the moduglance of man ever rested compactly upon. The Canadian mother and the French friendly sign; it was only a circle gather-ing closer, and growing darker the while. Suddenly, my brave deer-hound lifted playful, lambent eyes had exercised their soreery upon me ere this; and the modulations of a voice remarkable for its low, lations of a voice remarkable for its low. The horses gave a startled swerve just as low of the voice was the gratitude I beaven.

It was the grating I beaven. It was the grati

party at Windy-gap Farm—ostensibly it died away.

The horses halted, trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bella broke the death silence that fell like an eclipse over the third "individual," who had curled all. up his huge body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm. I had known her shuddering whisper, as she clutched my brother—a young officer in the Canadian arm. Rifles-had killed "bar" at the "Salt-

and was now a guest at their house, enjoying their frank and bounteous hospi-"Hurrah !" Through the keen, sonorons air, sleigh and horses bound along! lugnbrions sound broke forth; clearer—
"Cling—clang!" go the chiming bells.
"Crick—crack!" goes the long-thonged horrible crescendo, howling, shricking, whip, with a sharp, cheery significance.

And shall bloom till eternity's march is begun.

Be the arm ever hallowed for Freedom contending.
Where the star-adorned banners of Liberty wave;
For the Heaven-blest cause which that arm is defending, and raving, was not that of the wind this My "Madawas Cariole," a sleigh which time. is the perfection of locomotion, is not more perfection than the fiery steeds, with wolves!"

their sinews of elastic steel, which I drive. and the whip went "crick-crack!" like terrible enough; but-the wolves !- and a double-barrel going off, and the sweet Lota! An instant and I was numb and bells sung and chimed. "Oh! sweet dumb. echoes of far distant wedding bells," I It was true, however. The severity of and shattered into diamonds under the the animals on which these unclean creagrinding of the hoofs and the attrition of tures preyed, had made their hunger s the "runners;" with an exhibaration I raving, devouring madness. They were

ding !" she said. Ithacan never "raised" such cattle when and every hair on end, waiting for the he cleared the stables of Rhesus of his enemy he had already scented.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh ride in the sparkling, bracing air of a Canadian Win-derkening with a strange, unearthly, blue-darkening with a strange, unearthly, that if we escaped not speedily, the brutes of the late of the ter! The sky clear and exhilarating— tenebious inkiness, becoming a coming

"Oh, so comfortable !" she

which made my heart leap joyously up-But my attention was called away to tremblings were at my heart, as I turned blue-light-to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid, darkening steel, always the that I loved you-none but you! I tell

zling and intense. I remarked this, but ard-" sense. I had never-(familiar as we had grown, a pain or gladness most." had never said "dear Lota" before, and me-the pistol; one kiss-soh I they come hearth. In the great common chamber, the words were yet in mine ears like a Save me from them, at any cost."

> her. I magnanimously resolved to wait sible to conceive the unutterable horror —choking down the words—but not for that was encircling us both; young lovers Meantime, "Crick—crack !" went the hour, intercharged with each other.
>
> With beating nearts, love, from hour, intercharged with each other.
>
> With lolling tongues, eyes of flame

sumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark presently."

mitted that she was right. I could not to the hospitable hall, and elasped her account for my error, if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no sincers was the gratitude I breathed in

exchanged no confidence as yet on a sub-ject very near to my heart. We were bound to a merry sleighing over the white, gleaming snow; and then

"What is that?" asked Lots, in a

I listened. "It is the wind sighin licks" with him; had met Lota and her and dying away in the pine forest," family on board a St. Lawrence steamer, answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what-what can it be ?" Again the indescribably hideous and

"Merciful God !" gasped Lota; "The

I never understood till that moment Driving sleigh-tandem is the easiest what the concentrated essence of literal, thing in the world, when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem Club," and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exulted in my skill now, as I have, in my hunting excursions, faced many a danger, and played out the game bore my rosy companion through the air, bore my rosy companion through the air, bore my rosy companion through the single course. I exulted in the shuddering turns when the hattle-storm low and explicit the single content are concentrated essence of interal, deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before, nor since; and the team of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energicles the brow of the bray was many a danger, and played out the game the shuddering turns when the hattle-storm low and explicit thing in the world, when you are used to deadly horror might mean. I never experienced the shock before, nor since; and the team of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energicles the brow of the bray was many a danger, and played out the game the shuddering turns when the hattle-storm low and explicit the since the shock before, nor since; and the team of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energicles the brow of the bray was many a danger, and played out the game the shuddering turns when the hattle-storm low and explicit the since the shock before, nor since; and the world the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energies the brow of the bray was a member of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energies the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energies the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energies the brow of the bray was a member of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energies the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energies the widew and orphan must no The wreath that energies the widew and orphan must no The wreath that the same of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that the same of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that the same of the widew and orphan must no The wreath that the same of the wid

thought-and the crisp snow was split the weather, the migration or scarcity of could not repress, I gave a vigorous encroaching on civilized territory, and "burrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota, losing their usual characteristic and crawrapped up in the moose and hear skins, ven cowardice, were approaching the habwrapped up in the moose and hear skins, and warm as a toast. A sweet, girlish itations of men, haunting village and settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal howl rose lingeringly right mind, would think nothing of bag-"If I don't ... "Crick - crack !" fill- shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them-

he cleared the stables of Rhesns of his horses! "Crick—crack!" and the horses neigh and toss their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tinkling, and the mad, exulting rush up-lifts one like wine.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow; for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cold; Lota was pale but calm.

In the stables of Rhesns of his enemy he had already scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow; for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our panting pursuers. I was growing cold; Lota was pale but calm.

would run us down, and then, horror of horrors, what a fate for her ! I conveyed my intentions to Lota. "Can

are those pathless funeral groves where rosy, exquisite face peeping forth with so hunter's skill. I took one rifle-looked

to be devoured by their ravenous comwith a nestling movement, and a smile rades; and still the horses sped on. The accursed things were for all this gaining ground. Doubts, fears, hopes,

"Lota! if we die together, remembe

This only made the long level plain of "Kill me first," she whispered. "I snow gleam with a lustre the more daz-echo them. You have my heart. Rich-

"Oh, Lots ! best beloved ! what a mo ment to confess; and I know not if I feel "There are now no secrets between us,"

yearned to tell her so now; but I thought upon us, opening out to surround us; it scarce fair—not up to the mark of my and though the horses held bravely on, manhood—to take what seemed an unfair I dreaded every instant, that sheer terror

with beating bearts, forever, from the long whip, and still "cling, clang!" went With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, the chiming bells, and the horses held on hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to with splendid pace and unabated vigor; bay and howl; they were closing in upon but-where had "Windy-gap" gone to us. I remarked one huge monster in ad all this time? for time was up, and we should have been there by this.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks; we ment his huge hulk came scrambling over shall have more snow—a heavy fall, too." the back; his paws were on me; his fiery "I fear so," I replied; "but n'imperte, breath on my cheeks; and I expected, as I we shall soon be out of it." murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs "We are very long, I fancy," she con-tinued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, creature tumbled backward, abot through Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have lost the track!"

The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most vivid nerves. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.

"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelesses."

I creature tumbled backward, shot through the neck, to the spine, by my brave Lota! Then I plied the hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope, and turning round—oh, Heaven !—to spare my darling a more hideous fate, when shot and shouter rang around, and troops of dogs.

and hunters came swiftly to our aid, and andmark presently."

"A clump of firs—an old mill, farther on; yes," she added, "I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this. out in hot haste to aid us. We were out in hot haste to aid us. We were out in hot haste to aid us. We were out in hot haste to aid us.

Miscellaneous.

THE WREATH OF THE BRAVE.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

When the bright star of peace from my Hope fondly presaged it would soon re-appear; But still, dark in gloom the borizon is throughd, And the beacon of war blazes dreadfully near; and fled are the charms which the heart once delighted Forgot the onjoyments trunquillity gave— Every flow'ret is withered, each blossom is blighted.

But the wreath which encircles the brow of the brave

But sparned be the soul, to true feeling a stranger, Tis a prize dearly earned amid peril and danger, And shall bloom till eternity's march is begun.

Though delightful that wreath to the votary of elery. Who sears on the pinions of Victory to fame; Though each patriot's bosom beats high at the story That emblazons with honor America's name; Yet 'tis only in blood that the laurel can flourish; 'Tis Honor's red trophy, 'tis plucked from the grave; And the tears of the widow and orphan must neurish The wreath that encircles the brow of the brave.

Vet, blame not the bard that, with human aversion He shuddering turns when the battle-storm lowers, Peace, sanctioned by Honor, ere long shall be ours. Then the warrior shall sheathe, with a smile of devotion His sword that he wielded his country to save, And the wreaths they have won on the field and the Immortal shall bloom on the brow of the brave.

Mr. Johnson and the Enemy.

You have probably heard of Mr. Johnson, but in case you should not remember him, I take the liberty of informing you that he is at present a promising member ging half a dozen masked batteries, and ed up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties! beginning to recover myself—in an opPhoebus Apollo never drove their like posite direction, while "Terror," my nodown the steeps of Heaven! The wily ble hound, stood up with every fang bared, a large spoon and a little sugar lend zest, capturing a few regiments of foes before a large spoon and a little sugar lend zest, not unfrequently causes him to hazard thereto. teemed by the officers of his regiment, as a man who could not see an elephant approaching, no matter how light the night was; consequently, he is especially selec-ted when no one else will volunteer, and the events I am about to relate took place

on one of these occasions. Having regaled himself with about pint of brandy to counteract the night air, and another pint to keep him from eatching cold, Mr. Johnson took up his sentry post one night last week, and marched up and down his beat with such deviations from a straight line as his inflamed fancy deemed graceful. Always vigilant trooper. Mr. Johnson is pain-fully watched when he is in eclipse. He was passing the tent of a soldier named Ayres, when the moonlight revealed to him the form of an armed and equipped soldier, moving along the side of

at tent. Mr. Johnson paused; so did the "Who goes there ?" demanded the as-

tonished Mr. Johnson. "Ayre!" answered the stranger in hollow vioce.

"What are you doing, Ayre ?" "Air," was the answer. "Well you'll get air enough in your tent." said Mr. Johnson, impatiently;

"so go in, or I'll fire." "Fire!" was the sepuchral answer. Bang! went Mr. Johnson's piece, the ball passing clean through the strange soldier, and clear through the tent, also. Instantly the whole camp was in an uproar; and poor Ayres, who had been suddenly wakened from his sleep by a ball whizzing across his nose, darted from his tent in a frightful state of "dishabille." The first object he saw was Mr Johnson, who had dropped his gun, and was staring at the side of the tent with all his might. Unmindful of the alarm he had created, and of the soldiers who

were hurrying past him to the intrench-ments, he stood there staring like a statue. "What in thunder sils you, sentry?" asked Ayres, in no very good humor "I shot clean through that man named Ayrea," replied Jonkson, not looking at his questioner; "and I'm blest if he ain't standin' there yet. And he's just the

meanest cuss that I ever see !" "What!" ejaculated Ayres, savagely.
"Is that what you've kicked up all this rumpus about? Why, that's your own shadow, you fool !"

And so it was! Mr. Johnson had shot his own shadow on Ayres' tent; but it was not until he had been in the guard-house a few hours that he could be made to believe it. Even now he will not believe the answers he got from the strange soldier were only the echo of a piece of woods just behind him. And that's so, too. Mr. Johnson will be permitted to resign, if his wife needs him at home.—

SESTIMENT BY A PIRATE OF THE "SA

Letter from a Volunteer.

Conduct of Great Men in an Emergncy a soft voice "will you not? Hush! If —The Last of the Snake-Head Re- I fall, ask her, Oh, why should the spirit

In Artemus Ward's classical story entitled "Woshy-Boshy, or the Prestidigi-tating Squaw of the Snake-Heads," pub-lished in Vanity Fair, we find the following exquisite chapter, in which the char-acteristics of great men in times of great also lend me your umbrella. I shall es-public and personal peril, are depicted in team it a particular favor." ing exquisite chapter, in which the chara style that some of our cotemporaries would, in an emergency, term "graphic:"

that a battle was imminent. The Silver- erally a lake of tears, and the chairs and toes, having encountered several reverses, were now nerving themselves for a grand Their sighs were heard ten miles off.* effort. They were coming with fire and sword, and that sort of thing.

He was even cheerful, and laughed per- horse, and fatally wounded at the first haps more heartily than ever over the jokes and sparkling paragraphs in the National Intelligencer. Yet the Snake-heads did not question his ability to lead them in this crisis. They well knew that when aroused he was as terrible as an ar- "Pulpit Pictures." my with banners, or a speckled Jackass stand.

than usual. handing it to Boozy-woozy, he said: "Will you sustain me?"

"I will," replied the gentle savage, biting off a large piece.
"Take a pound of the best store to-backer," said Woshy-boshy, "and soak it in molasses and rum, and it makes as good tobacker as I want to use-that is, if it is chemically examined by Professor Chilton, and warranted to contain no del-

eterious substances." After enjoying themselves chawing to bacco for some time, they commenced planning for the coming engagement.
"As we don't wish to become idiots and gibberers, with straw in our hair, we won't look at those maps in the New York Herald any more. Let us souse a tom eat in a pan of ink, draw him across a sheet of paper, and have a more intelligible map of our own." So said Woshy- him, but not much. boshy, and Boozy-woozy was agreeable

Woshy-boshy had appointed the next der other equally adverse circumstances. rere all made. Already the Snakehead that it is done, you cannot be more so than troops were on their way to the field, I am. Hurrah! Embrace me! three hundred masses and twenty-four barrels of them having gone round by Lake Superior, on board the steamer Iron City, Captain Ed. Furner. Woshyboshy purposed going by way of Portland. and had engaged passage on Maxfield's stage. It was an affecting scene, the parting of Woshy-boshy and Boozy-woozy.

[The latter had conscientious scruples about engaging in a war where they fired home] They had known each other to throw stones at an old blind man, and scalp apple women in the halcyon days of youth's spring time? Innocent prat- enter the Palatinate. tlers! Them days is past! Do you remember, too, how in after years, as we

used to borrow money of you?" "I do," said Boozy-woozy, tears stan-

tinctually ! "Perhaps I shan't never borrow and more money of you no more !" continued

spoke Boosy-woozy.

of the Old Masters."

"Thank you-oh, thank you!" said Boozy-woozy; "I'll wear it next my heart," and he placed in his left coat tail pocket. "If I fall," said Woshy-boshy, clutching his friend by the collar-"if I fall,

"Here is my photograph. It is by one

"Consider it already done!" said Boo-zy-woozy, ever anxious to accommodate his old and tried friend.
"There are to be three hereditary No-blemen in every county, one called a Landgrave, and two called Cassiques.
"The Parliament county." prietors or their Deputies, the Governor "Our friendehip reminde me of that of and Commons, and should have twenty-five Landgraves and fifty Cassiques to Damon and Pythias," said Woshy-boshy. "I think myself we are somewhat on that lay," replied his trusty friend.—
"But what are you putting that junk bottle of peppermint in your pocket for ?"

"To have it in case of an emergency."

"Ah, indeed! I remember Gen. Price

had it pretty bad."
"Had what?" "The emergency." "And do you remember likewise, my good Boozy-woozy, how I, one day in the exuberance of my childish heart, tied a cooking stove to the neck of my decrepit grand father and shoved him into the river? Ah! the happy days of my child-

There was profound silence in the wigwam for a moment, save the sound of the tears of the savage, which pattered,

of mortals be proud ?" "I will interrogate that elderly female upon that important matter, the moment

I hear you have been scooped in !"
"'Tis well," said the chief. "and now farewell! I fain would have thy blessing

They wept upon each other's bosoms. rould, in an emergency, term "graphic:" They stood up to their waists in their own It became daily more and more evident sobs. The floor of the wigwam was littable were floating around like ships.

Agreeably to expectation, the battle oc-Woshy-boshy knew this, and yet he curred the next day. Woshy-boshy was was calm. His cheek did not blanch. kicked in the stomach by an ambulance

The battle was a decisive one, not only while in the act of kicking over a peanut breaking the back but caving in the stomach of the rebellion. The Silvertoes nev-He chawed more tobacco, however, er had any more trouble with the Snakeheads. Those savages, after considerable One day he took a large chaw, and rehearsing, learned to behave decently. Reunited, the nations became stronger than ever, and marched on resistlessly to

> the Snakeheads, married a young Silvertoe of rich but respectable parents, and has lots of new dresses and things. She is Woshy-boshy's sons al! went to farming but one Minky-winky. He is attached to all the various circus companies and appears as the North American sav-

age of the far-western prairies. He con-

Winona, the prestidigitating squaw of

greatness and grandeur.

templates getting up an entirely new act, which will involve the use of banners. Boozy-woozy left off being an Indian, and assumed the duties of a chaplain on board the steamer Western Metropolis, and is now at work on a man named Morris, with some hope of converting

Thus closes a romance which was writ-

ten with one arm tied behind me, and un-

"A positive fact.

The Hot Bed of Chivalry. The Northern man who has watched the gradual growth of the gaudy Carolina tigerility of mutiny, from the time it burst out of the mud at Fort Sumter until it flowered at Bull Run, and commenced fadreal bullets, and hence he was to stay at ing at Port Royal, regards the entire exhibition as decidedly of the exotic order. from childhood, and now they were about Not seeing the necessity of Carolina's paying any more attention to the subject. to part—perhaps forever. "Do you re-member," said Woshy-boshy, in a voice trembling with emotion, "how we use hot bed, at Port Royal, and if needsbe,

It is time that the very name of South Carolina should be destroyed -erased from were about blossoming into manhood, I the map, and that of Columbia planted in its place. It is unworthy of association with the United States, for the first prinding in his eyes in chunks-"I do, dis- ciple of the Republic-equality-has never been known to, or consequently been believed in, by any of its leading mutineers. They remembered only that on the 1st day of March, 1699, Lord Craven, "You make me miserable! See! Lord Ashley, Lord Cornbury, Lord These tears are real, and those poignant moans are nat'rel. Big thing!" So Carteret, signed the Fundamental Corners spoke Boosy-woose

has expressed in the last article:

in Carolina forever."

"That a Palatine should be chosen out of the Proprietaries, who shall continue promise me that you will break the news during life, and be succeeded by the eldest gently to my creditors I Prepare them of the other Proprietaries.

"There are to be three hereditary Noblemen in every county, one called a

"Shall be and remain the sacred and

unalterable form and rule of Government

We find in this Fundamental Constitu-

make a Nobility.
"The Landgraves are to have four Baronies annexed to their dignities of 6,000 acres each Barony; and the Cassiques two Baronies of 8,000 acres each, and not to be divided by sale of any part." Palatine, Landgraves, Cassiques, No-bility with Baronies, Slaves, chivalric ad-mirers of Rattlesnakes, yellow-covered

Novels, Black Flags, Tournaments, the melo-dramatic and mock romantic, the flashy and superficial, the mudaills of a republic are up in their might; the invis-ible hand of fate beckons you sway, senisthood! Rock me to sleep, mother, rock ed by the points of many bayonets. Go!

— Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. They are telling of a good story in Trey, as follows:—It was rumored that

pattered upon the floor.

"Will childbood's days," says Wosbybosby, at length buckling on his armor,
also his coat of mail—"will childbood's
days ever come back to us again?"

"I'll bet the coffee and cakes at Meschutt's that they won't!" exclaimed Boozy-woosy. "Is it a go?"

They conversed a few minutes made zy-woozy. "Is it a go?"

They conversed a few minutes more, band avowed his determination to stand by that flag, so long as he lived, and the "You will see — mother," he said, in patriotic mob suddenly dispersed.